

PARANOIIZE

#21

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hooves

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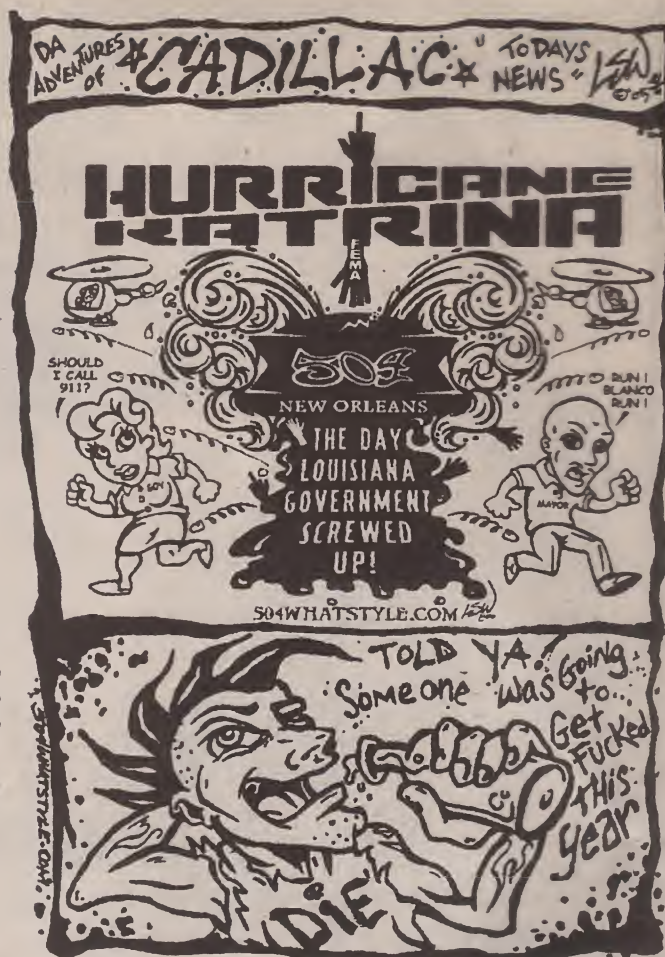
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Paranoize is a non-profit independent publication based in New Orleans, Louisiana covering metal, hardcore, sludge, grind core, doom, stoner rock, and pretty much anything loud and noisy.

Bands and recording artists may send cassettes (home or studio recorded), vinyl, or compact discs (yes, we accept cdr's) for a guaranteed review. Keep in mind that music sent in for review is the opinion of the reviewer and we are not here to kiss your ass. If the person reviewing your music doesn't like what you're doing, suck it up and get on with your life. If you whine to us, we'll just make fun of you.

Music reviews are also posted on the Paranoize website at: www.paranoizenola.com where you can also find show listings, buy Paranoize Recordings online and talk shit on our message board.

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Keith Sierra: When you give it 100% and it's still not enough.

The Goat: letter.

Durel Yates, Jorge, Alex Ducros, Al Hodge, Gary Mader, Josh "Wolf", Josh, Brook Butzman: Memories

Smashley: photos.

Marcel Trenchard: Memories, photos.

Dedicated to:

Glenn Rambo

Daniel Guidry

Tommy Boudreaux

See you on the other side, my friends.

SELECTED UPCOMING SHOWS:

February 18th

Eyehategod/Hazard County Girls at Howlin' Wolf 9 P.M.

February 28th

STFU Fest. Go to www.stfufest.tk for more info.

Suplecs at Checkpoint Charlie.

Sorry for the lack of info. This is all I have at press time. Check www.paranoizenola.com or www.noladiy.org

1/17/06

Yes, a lot has happened since the last issue of Paranoize. You know what happened... no need to explain. Obviously, things are different now... our lives have been totally rearranged, we've lost bands, we've lost venues, and we've lost friends either through tragedy or relocation. But, you can not kill our city. You can not kill our scene. Loud, noisy music is still being churned out in New Orleans. Since Hurricane Katrina, I have seen performances by Apartment 213 (who played their last show with that name and are now known as Resurrection Man), We're Only In It For The Honey, Aggro-Fate, Face First, Suplecs, Spickle, Hazard County Girls, Hooves, This Side Down, and the most intense performance by Eyehategod that I have ever seen (which took place in the gutted out Juan's Flying Burrito on Carrollton powered by generators). Our friends who have left are sorely missed, but we will move on.

The review section is a bit short this issue. This will change next issue and the review crew will return once again. Beware.

Paranoize has a new website address:

www.paranoizenola.com

I plan on adding a monthly feature to the site titled The Way It Was, which will feature tracks from old demos that I've had for years and want to share with you all. The first installment will showcase the 80's New Orleans metal/hardcore/punk scene. If any of you have old photos, flyers, or music that you'd like to contribute to this project, by all means, get in touch with me bobby@paranoizenola.com

Since the only venue that I've ever really worked with for Paranoize shows has been destroyed, I am seeking a new home for Paranoize Productions.

I'm going to end this with a few words about a friend of mine who passed away in his sleep Halloween morning: Danny Guidry. I wanted to put a memorial section for him in this issue as well, but I don't have any photos of him, and nobody else that I contacted to help out with it got back with me. Danny played guitar for Sudden Relapse and briefly for Trauma in the early 90's. He helped contribute to the early issues of Paranoize as well as starting his own 'zine, Emptiness/Magisterium. He helped me get through a very rough part of my life and I owe him greatly. I lost contact with him over the years, and the first time I heard his name in 7 years, it was the announcement that he'd passed away the night before. Thanks for everything Danny. You won't be forgotten.

That's all for now. Keep your friggin' head up.

Bobby Bergeron

Editor, Paranoize 'Zine

Still Available:

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Various Artists: Trying Is The First Step Towards Failure cdr \$3 ppd.

Goatsblood/Suppression split live cdr \$3 ppd.

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spickle

Spickle is Paul Webb-guitar, Greg Harney-guitar, Bret Davis-bass and Kenny Sumera-drums. Spickle plays instrumental metal. Spickle has been around for about 8 years now. Spickle rocks! This interview is with Paul Webb. Paul Webb also plays bass in Hawg Jaw and drums in Mangina. Paul Webb is a fine, upstanding citizen of New Orleans. Here is what Paul Webb had to say.

I was glad to see Spickle play Halloween night. Will you be playing again anytime soon?

Spickle will be playing on New Years eve at Checkpoint's. We would like to play more but we've been without a practice space for a while. I think the Fountainbleau just opened so we're back at it.

What's in the future for Spickle as far as recordings?

Well, we have alot of new songs as well as a whole record already recorded. We just don't have a label. We might put it out ourselves but we are just REALLY lazy. We don't care all that much. We just like to record.

Are your previous 2 albums still in print?

As far as I know, Crucial Blast still has some of both records. If not, we have a few left. That's if we haven't given them all away yet!

What is the status of Hawg Jaw and Mangina?

Ever since Matt Russel came out of the closet, he's been too busy with his whole gay rights thing to play shows. I mean, I think he could take some time away from the stripper pole at the Corner Pocket to practice once in a while. What people do with their own time is their business but when it affects the schedule of a professional outfit like Mangina, you've gone too far. Apparently, we are supposed to play in Memphis in December, unless, of course, Matt is too gay. As far as Hawg Jaw is concerned, we are starting to jam again since the whole hurricane mess started. Mike D. lives out of town, I think, but he says he'll come back for shows. That's one dedicated son of a bitch.

Will Dulac Swade ever return?

Man, I don't know. Again, with the laziness, we would like to but It's just a matter of time. It WILL happen but when is a mystery even to me.

How did you all fare with the storm? Is everybody back in the N.O. area?

As far as I know, we're all pretty much O.K.. Most of us were or are still displaced. I don't think anyone lost equipment. No offense, but I'm sick of talking about that shit.

Do you think the N.O. scene will recover?

Hell yeah. As long as there is an N.O., there will be a scene. How big it is is another story. The loss of Chalmette makes a BIG difference. One of the great breeding grounds for THE most dangerous metal ever has been lost. If you think I'm joking, fuck off.

How bout 'dem Saints?

Go Saints... ..and take the Hornets with you! I don't want to piss anyone off, but I've put so much effort into watching that sad team that I don't care anymore. There is more important things to worry about in this city now than a bunch of overpaid, underachieving "professional athletes". Get rid of Benson, Haslett, Brooks and Carney and I'll take all of that back.

What is your opinion on people not returning because "things won't be the same"?

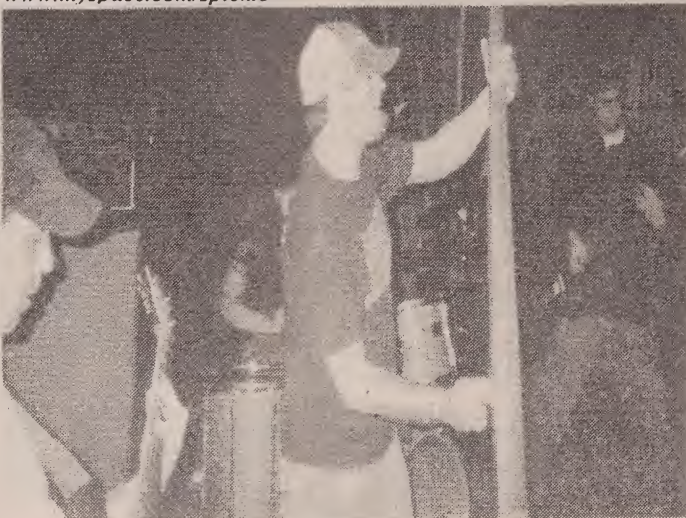
I'm going to miss anyone who doesn't come back. I really don't blame anyone for wanting to leave. This is going to be a hard place to live for a while. I just hope, eventually, most of my friend come home.

Any final comments, suggestions, recipes, remedies, thank vous, fuck vous.etc.?

Thank you to anyone making a positive difference in this city. Fuck you to anyone getting in the way of that.

R.I.P Glenn Rambo.

www.myspace.com/spickle



HOOVES

Hooves, from Lafayette, Louisiana, features ex-members of Icepick Revival, Pigknuckle and One Common Voice. This is an interview with bassist/vocalist Ryan Pankratz done via email. www.myspace.com/hoovestheband

Who's in the band? What's your purpose in life?

David Leonard-drums, Nathan Rice-guitar, Shannon May-guitar, Ryan Pankratz-bass & vocals... we were born unto this world to squeeze the marrow from the vines of eternity and drink the blood of the wretched to pave a path to unparalleled rock supremacy... skating is badass too...

How would you describe your sound to anyone who has never heard you?

We kick ass!!!! buy a CD, come to a show, show us your tits!!!! I don't know.... just fuckin' rock'n'roll!!!! Descriptions are so out of control now-a-days, y'know? Like psuedo-grind, murder core post-neo-thrash screamo punk rock black metal deathrap....

I know it's been years, but I've never heard your side of the story.. what happened with Icepick Revival?

Kinda like any girlfriend type of relationship, things just got weird... personal issues as well as musical differences. They (Steve and Brett) had a little sit down meeting with me to say that they didn't like my vocals or my lyrics(after 5 years, that is...)and to ask me why my lyrics were so angry, and I was like, what the fuck?! This is metal, it's supposed to be angry. It's not like there's nothing to be pissed about in our day and age. So, long story short, they wanted to do metal without bass or vocals and that's what they are doing. I enjoyed my time with Icepick Revival and I'm happy with where I'm at now, and happy for them.... rock over London, rock on Chicago...

When you started, you were called Arma; why the name change? Why Hooves?

well, after Google searching Arma, we found out that there was about 50 other bands called Arma. HOOVES was actually my first choice but it got shot down, but after finding out about how many Arma's there were, we shot a bunch of ideas back and forth and HOOVES won in a 2nd round knock out....

How is the scene in Lafayette? Any bands/venues/etc. you want to mention?

Lafayette rocks! it always has, really. there are 3 or 4 places that will have shows any day of the week, and people usually go out. There are a bunch of good bands over here as well, Lay To Waste is fuckin' sick! Of course you've got Collapsar, there's a new band called Columbian Necktie w/ Dave, that used to play with Collapsar and he also filled in for us when I had my shoulder surgery... Fence Post Enema is a rad band, old school, fist-fuck metal! AHAB! is a great local band as well... fuck, I

know I'm forgetting someone but shit, just come to Lafayette and rock out!

What's planned for the near future.

just sending out a shitload of CDs to labels and people I have met through music to try and get some exposure... I'd like to get a tour together a tour here in the near future. We all have full time jobs and wives, girlfriends and such. David has a baby on the way as well, so it may be a little difficult but we all want to make it happen....

Did Hurricane Katrina have much of an impact on Lafayette?

Nothing except for all the dirty N'awlins people that came and barged on my turf! No, we got off easy, but Rita fucked us up a little. Nothing like what happened to NOLA.....

What do you do outside of the band?

Me, Shannon and Nathan all skate. Shannon was a pro skater for G&S in the late 90's and he's still holdin' it down proper! We(Shannon, myself and friend Donny Landry) have a skateboard company called Palehorse Skateboards and sell decks and shirts and shit like that. I do all the graphics and we just try and push what we love... Dave just works and goes to school

What have you been listening to lately?

Botch.... it kills me that they are gone.

Any final comments, suggestions, recipes, remedies, etc.?

thanks to anyone who loves rock 'n roll!!!! and come see HOOVES if you get a chance. You might like us... thank you, Bobby, for always keeping up with the underground and making a forum for lowlife degenerates such as myself to have something to read while on the can... Oh, and recipes: smashed potato stuffed tomatoes, take some roma tomatoes and cut 'em in half, then gut 'em so that you just have a shell of a tomato. Now get some of those baby red potatoes and smash 'em up in a pot and add some cream and way more butter than your girlfriend would use. Leave the skins on!!! When the potatoes are done, scoop out a big spoonful and stuff it into the tomato shell and smother it in parmesan cheese. now stick it in a pre-heated oven at 350 for about 10 minutes until piping hot. Pull 'em out and let 'em cool for about 5 minutes and then stuff your face.... I call them "BAD-ASS BITCHES"... buy a HOOVES cd when they come out! Later brah!



Sufferstream

Sufferstream is a relatively new band from the Northshore. They play technical metal with a European feel and are one of the tightest live bands I've ever seen. This is a interview with vocalist Nick M.

www.myspace.com/sufferstreammetal

Who's in the band? How long have you been together?

We've been together a little over a year now.. October/November was a year. Vocals-Nick M, Drums-Rjae D, Guitar-Johnny C, Guitar-Drew G, Bass-Tyler M

How would you describe your sound?

Hmm... some sort of melodic death metal.

The band has gone through a few different names; why did you stick with Sufferstream?

Chaos Theory, Flar Nacknud, and We Suck... they were all names before Sufferstream. Sufferstream just stuck I guess. The idea came from a Cipher System song title.

The first time I saw y'all, you played keyboards, but I noticed at your show at Hammerheads that you're just sticking to vocals now.. why the change?

Yeah, up until around the completion of the fourth song or so it was all instrumental. We decided some vocals were needed, so I hopped onto the mic. From time to time I still bust out the keyboards for "...1" which is still instrumental. We did have a keyboardist come play with us for a while, and he will hopefully be back soon. He is freakin' incredible too.. Hope you get to hear him.

How is the scene on the Northshore?

It's always been pretty good as far as bands go. I've always known lots of local musicians.

Quality...that's where the questions start. There's an overabundance of emo bands so we're a bit outnumbered, but doesn't that come with the metal territory?

How was your area affected by Hurricane Katrina?

Well, we finally got our bassist back on Xmas day. He was gone since Katrina hiding up in Virginia. I am moved back into my freshly rebuilt room where I have set up my studio. Contact me if you want to record.

Any plans to release an official demo?

Yes. We are playing at a metal festival in Houston on March 4th. By then we expect to have a newly recorded demo with at least 4 or 5 songs, most of which will be new and unheard material..

What do you all do when you're not playing music?

Sleep, video games (Battlefield 2!!!), beer, pot, listen to music.

What have you been listening to lately?

I change it up a lot.... Lately Children of Bodom, Opeth, Arch Enemy, lots of Swedish stuff, The Doors, Pink Floyd, all the good ones.

Any final comments, suggestions, recipes, remedies, etc.?

2006 will be the year of Sufferstream. Beware. New material is sounding really good so far and we are still settling in and finding our own little niches and styles... the best is yet to come!!!





You also handle guitar and vocal duties in Angelrust; what's up with them? How do you juggle 2 bands? Any other projects you're involved in?

Well, that isn't entirely true. I have since retired my dual role in Angelrust in favor of concentrating solely on vocals. We have acquired guitarist Corey Roth to assume my guitar duties, and things are working out well. We hope to get European distribution for our new CD we just finished. And the truth is I juggle 3 bands, not 2. I also play bass in a hardcore/thrash band called Once Again. (also with Corey Roth). On top of that there is my solo project of death/thrash called Triumph Of A Dying Culture, and folk/ classical project called Forest Of The Soul (also with Aaron of Angelrust.)

Any plans to bring either band on the road?

Well, Wilderkin would love to tour, as would Once Again. But due to obligations, Angelrust is not a practical touring band.

What have you been listening to lately?

Hmmmm..... lots of stoner rock. Fu Manchu, Queens Of The Stone Age, Goblin Cock, Low Rider, Karp, Brant Bjork, Moustash, Hellacopters.....shit like that. Oh, and all that music you turned me onto.....thanks again ! Rat In A Bucket rules!

What do you do when you're not making music?

Well, I work fulltime at a tattoo shop, I'm in a serious relationship, and I have a home studio where I'm always working on something. Sleep is optional in my life, but I don't mind a bit.

Any final comments, suggestions, recipes, remedies, etc.?

Thanks for your time and support man. we appreciate it. I'll be sending you our newest live demo soon. visit myspace.com/wilderkin



I usually take a trip up to the Wheeling, West Virginia area once or twice a year to visit my in-laws and I sometimes I manage to be there during a weekend that a band is playing. This past Summer I was honored to witness the rock 'n roll phenomenon known as Wilderkin at the V-Twin Tavern in Triadelphia, WV. This is an interview (via email) with guitarist Skillet, who is better known as Andrew D'Cagna in his other ventures.

Who's in the band? How long have you been together?

Wilderkin is: Reverend Bubba Jub Wesley Festis-vocals, Skillet-guitar, Grits-Bass, Hamhock-drums. We've been rockin' for 'bout a year n a half now.

How would you describe your sound?

We call it beer soaked rock n roll. Just good ole drinkin music.

Your "Southern Rock From The North" cd has been spinning in my cd player quite a bit since I got it... has it been received well?

Thanks man. Yeah, the response has been surprising. Everyone digs the shit. But I guess we got a little sumthin fer everybody to get into.

Describe a typical Wilderkin show.

Wilderkin's live performance is our sole reason for existence as a band. It's where we shine. Any recording, live or otherwise, does not do it justice. Our shows are reminiscent of some scene from Roadhouse, minus Swayze plus WAY better tunes..... and no chain link fence. While Grits, Hamhock and I are makin' stupid faces and dry humping our instruments in true rock fashion, The Reverend is either being a human pinball, running, bouncing off random onlookers and wrestling innocent bystanders to the ground, or mesmerizing the audience with heartfelt, inspirational sermons that do no more than promote alcohol consumption. Crowd participation is a must.

How is the scene in the Ohio Valley these days?

Eh.....eh. I'd say it's meager at best. There are only a handful of active bands round here. We mostly play with bands from the Pittsburgh area. This is primarily out of necessity. We can only get people to come out to gigs bout once a month it seems. The scene here fluctuates as anywhere else, but I'd say at the present moment it's at a low point.

Glenn Marshall Rambo 12/4/70-8/30/05 R.I.P.

I really suck at writing stuff like this, but here goes....

I met Glenn in '89 when Incubus played at the Harahan V.F.W. Hall (with 2 Texas bands, namely Devastation and Anialator opening). He was telling me about his new band, Soilent Green and asked me how he could get them in an issue of Thrashcore 'Zine (I had just put issue #1 out at that time). Afterwards, every time I'd run into him at a show (Soilent Green was playing 2 to 3 times a month back then, and if they weren't Glenn was more than likely going to be there regardless) we'd usually trade tapes of whatever new bands we had come across via tape trading. He even helped me out with reviews in the later issues of Thrashcore.

His days as the frontman for Soilent Green are a time that I will never forget. The shows were fun and you never knew what he was going to do next. After he was ousted from the band, I didn't see Soilent Green for about 2 years because I just couldn't imagine them without Glenn. (Of course I ended my boycott after hearing Pussysoul and seeing them open for Acid Bath).

In recent years, he would make guest appearances with Fight The Goober, and played one show with a band called S.W.A.R.M. who just played one 45 minute song.

The last time I saw Glenn, I was walking down Decatur and I hear the Probot song with Cronos on vocals just blaring out of a truck that is parked outside of Maspero's. I look over and see Glenn just sitting on the tailgate (he was waiting for his girlfriend to get off of work). I walked over and he made me listen to the entire Probot album.

His presence is missed at shows and along the stretch of Decatur St. between Molly's and Checkpoint Charlie.

Bobby Bergeron



Glenn Rambo was a friend of mine, I met him in the old V.F.W. days when he was one of the only longhairs allowed at punk rock shows, before the crossover. He always knew about the best new bands years before anyone else did, sometimes he had one of their stolen CD's to give you. He had a sense about him that was immortal; he was always just Glenn, always jovial, always making his way across the room just to shake your hand. I got to know him well, back when I was giggling with GIMP and he was almost a constant fixture at our shows. I remember how there were times that I would hear another voice screaming along with me, too loud to just be someone in the crowd. It was always a pleasure to look over and see Glenn, who had grabbed the other microphone in a fit of chaotic improvisation, wrenching some grotesque sounds from his throat for us... That's the kind of guy Glenn was, always up for some fun, even if it wasn't quite the kind of fun YOU had in mind. I'm going to miss him and

his casual demeanor, Baphomet tattoo and grindcore screams outside any one of the numerous gigs he always seemed to be at. The New Orleans scene has sadly lost one of it's' most original and sincere adherents...

Rest easy, thou insane wizard of guttural vice, your memory is our reward.

M. C. Bevis

I've been knowing Glenn since probably 89' I can't say that I really hung out with him other than at shows or on Decatur St., but every time I saw him, he would run up to me and give me a big hug and have a huge smile on his face. Whenever I think about those shows in the early 90's at the Lions home, I think about Rambo on the stage with Soilent. We all miss him.

Durel Yates

Suplex

At a Soilent show at Metalman's in Chalmette, the night Glenn wore the used tampons on his shirt, I joined him in a rousing rendition of "The Love Boat" theme. Also at some show in a warehouse somewhere, he got naked on stage and Soilent started playing "Smells like teen spirit"! For the life of me I can't remember where that place was. Those were the days.....

Jorge

Jorge's Metal Shop

www.neworleansbands.net

Glenn "Ozzy" Rambo was one of the most righteous dudes out there! I met Glenn at one of many shows at the V.F.W. Hall on Franklin Avenue "back in the day". He was always "crazy Ozzy" until I ya got to know him. Crazy cuz the guy looked EXACTLY like Charles Manson. I got to know Glenn much better after Serlent Green's first show with Exhorder & Substance Abuse at Storyville Jazz Hall (Margaritaville now for those not in 'tha know') and at the numerous shows at the various Lions' Clubs around Metry. Glenn always had this jambox with him he used to make crude audio recordings of everyone's shows. You could ALWAYS count on Glenn to be at your show taping! In fact, I think my first band's (The Detrimenz) first release had a live track on it that Glenn had taped at the Lion's Club on that jambox, "Endless Time". He probably has countless undigitized hours of live KILLA somewhere or another. One other thing I must say is that dude NEVER said anything bad about anyone or any bands and he would be one of the first people to stick up for anyone he knew regardless of the situation. R.I.P. "OZZY"!!!

Alex Ducros

It's been almost 3 months since Hurricane Katrina came through and destroyed the Gulf Coast states. I find that since that day in August when the levees "breached" and destroyed my place in Chalmette, I've stayed busy trying to get my life in order in my new place in Texas, but it's at night that the thoughts of what was lost creep back in my mind and hit like a ton of bricks. Baring all of the stuff and my home that I lost, losing my job, my insurance, having to apply for fucking food stamps and starting from scratch, I think about a guy named Glenn Rambo that I knew that died from the floods that occurred after the levee breach. I didn't have access to the internet for a month after the storm and when I did get on line that was the first thing that I found out on the nolaunderground forum. I was in shock... I met Glenn when I was in high school at a local record store in Chalmette, Louisiana called Acorn Records, that was located in

Glenn Marshall Rambo 12/4/70-8/30/05 R.I.P.

Village square. This was probably in 1983 or 1984? I remember talking with him about different bands. We would run into each other from time to time at the store and trade tapes and stories about different bands. I use to hang out with Donovan Punch and Chance Bergeron a lot back then as well, these 2 dudes showed me how to play guitar when I was a kid. Donovan and Glenn were in a band together called NUCLEAR CRUCIFIXION, (they would later change the name to SOILENT GREEN) that use to practice at Donovan's grandma's place on Solidell in Chalmette, in the old dance studio in the back of the house. Glenn and I would talk about underground bands and trade tapes there. I remember during 1988-1990, I use to host the WTUL metal show, (even though I wasn't a student there) and Glenn would take a ride with me to go some times and bring tapes with him of a lot of underground bands from England that he use to write to and I would play them. I played the hell out of that SOILENT GREEN demo too and announce any gig that SOILENT GREEN and the other locals were playing. As the years passed by and as we got older, I'd see Glenn from time to time out at a gig, or hitching a ride on Judge Perez in Chalmette to his house on Guerra Drive and I'd stop to pick him up so we'd catch up with each other. The 3 things that never did change about him, was his love of showing another person a band that he was into, and his kindness and his warmth as a friend and his love of small animals that he would always have in one of his pockets of that jacket he would always wear. He never lost those 3 things about him ever. He was a true supporter and great pioneer in the underground scene in and around the New Orleans area. He will be sadly missed by all of us. From all of us here, we send out heartfelt condolences, to his friends, and mostly to his Family who not only lost Glenn, but also his mother, who also died along with him in that house on Guerra Drive. You're in my thoughts and prayers brother and you will be missed. RIP Glenn Rambo!

Al Hodge

Tungsten/Muddpiggs



A couple of priceless Rambo moments I remember:

We had a show in Chalmette that I believe was around Halloween. We kicked in to our intro (I think it was "Mad Scientist") and Glenn walks out in a Santa Claus costume, headbanging his ass off. Then he rips the Santa suit off and underneath he's wearing long, thermal underwear with tons of little ketchup covered tampons tied all over it. He was in heaven...he lived for that kind of stuff. He would have a little gleam in his Charlie Manson eyes like a kid about to see Star Wars or something. A couple of weeks later we played and he wore the same unwashed outfit. To add to the incredible stench of the crusty ketchup, a male cat had sprayed all over my gigbag so my strings, cord and everything smelled like male cat spray. I can truly say that we must have been the smelliest band in modern history. It made no difference to the crowd...they were right up front...jamming and moshing as always.

One other time, we were playing and before we go on, he's drinking a 40 of old english or something and hopping up and down with a really focused expression. I figured he was just getting psyched up but when we hit the stage his motives were made clear to me -- we jump out on stage and he spews the whole 40 out into the crowd. He had timed it perfectly. To my amazement, several people were loving it and rolling around and savoring the Glenn fluids they had just been hosed with.

He was a great performer. Always gung ho...Always getting into shit...saying crazy shit...never had an ego. He was mercilessly fucked with by St. Bernard Parish police, virtually daily because of the way he looked. He was totally harmless...I never saw him get belligerent with anyone, ever. He never had his just deserts or props in the history of the new orleans underground.

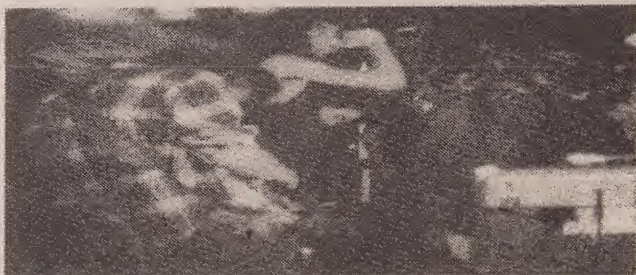
Marcel Trenchard

Ex-Soilent Green/current Rise Above bassist

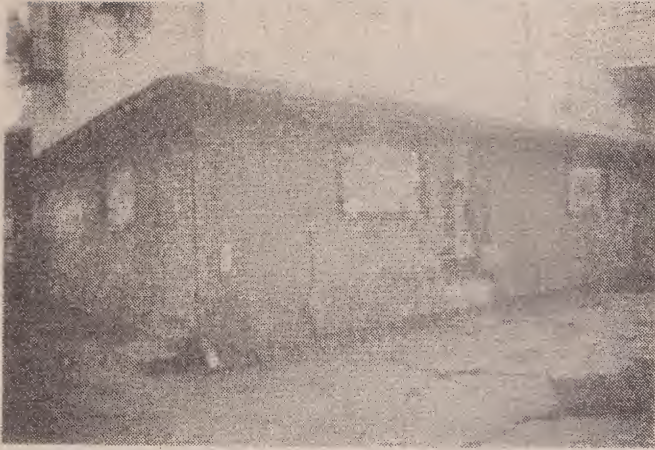
I met Glenn back when I really got into music around 88 or 89. I was in high school and booking shows at a Lions Home. Soilent had just formed around that time as well, and thats when i got to know everyone. Glenn was a trip...as a singer he was like a Butthole Surfers/Carcass hybrid, like throwing down "EAT MORE FLESH" in his pajamas. Beyond that, he was someone I both looked up to for his talent, and befriended because he was cool as fuck. We were the younger kids; all relatively new to the "scene," and there were people that had been around for years before us. They either dicked you off for being the new kids, or they were cool and would turn us on to bands that we needed to hear, and just include us in the family. Glenn was one of the latter; never copped an attitude with anyone, always had nothing but good vibe to offer everyone that he encountered...truly genuine. New Orleans will be different without him.

Gary Mader

Hawg Jaw/Eyehategod/Outlaw Order



A TRIBUTE TO



Dixie Taverne post-Katrina

I had booked shows at the Dixie Taverne once or twice a month for the last 8 years. It was the only venue in town that I've ever even tried to work with because, well, it was like home to me. It was also my favorite venue in town to see shows. There was no fancy p.a. or flashy lights. Bands who played the Dixie were there to just rock the fuck out and put all they've got into it.

Some shows that come to mind are:

Fight The Goober. If you weren't there you wouldn't get it. Here is what Fight The Goober was all about... Donovan Punch (ex-Soilent Green guitarist) would sit in a wheelbarrow and be fed grapes while playing improvised grind core backed by whoever happened to be playing drums that gig and a guy playing this instrument that involved fence boards and an electronic drum pads and a harmonica. While all this was going on, 2 people would don boxing gloves and beat the crap out of each other. Now, this was originally just the same 2 guys fighting (Mickey Jeanfreau and Mike whateverhislastnameis) every show, but soon involved audience participation. People would settle their grudges at a Fight The Goober Show. Severin "Bonaparte" Lagarde was a regular fixture during this era.

Hawg Jaw. Hawg Jaw's best shows were always at the Dixie. I can't count how many times Mike Dares's back has hit that tile floor while doing his backflips. One show, Carl Elvers brought a mattress for him, which resulted in the whole crowd flipping onto the mattress at some point.

Even on nights where there were only a small handful of people, there were some great performances there, even by the attendees. When Swarm Of The Lotus and Wetnurse played, there were these 3 guys from Spain who were staying at the India House Hostel a few blocks down, who were just going nuts. There were a total of maybe 15 people there that night, but those 3 dudes were having the time of their lives just thrashing like mad and attempting to stage dive. Another show an old drunk guy wandered in and started just shakin' his ass and getting' down during Hog Mountain's set.

DIXIE TAVERNE

I can go on and on about all the very memorable shows I've seen there: Mastodon, Rwake, Floor, 16, Buzzov*en, Cavity, Watch Them Die and the countless local bands that seemed more at Dixie Taverne than any other venue in the city like Eat A Bag Of Dicks, rat in a bucket, Daisy, Face First, Antarctica Vs. The World, The Pallbearers, Bonaparte Lagarde & The Conquerors, Scrotesque... the list goes on.

The future of the the Dixie is uncertain. There are rumors that it's going to reopen as a different type of establishment altogether, but there are also rumors that it's going to be as close to the same as possible.

At press time, attempts to get in touch with the owner to confirm have been unsuccessful.

Either way, OUR Dixie Taverne is gone, and the regulars miss it. Sure, we can go to Pat's Pub and be served by Jenn and Samm, which is great, but it's still not the same.
Bobby Bergeron



Mark Breau and Severin Lagarde during Fight The Goober

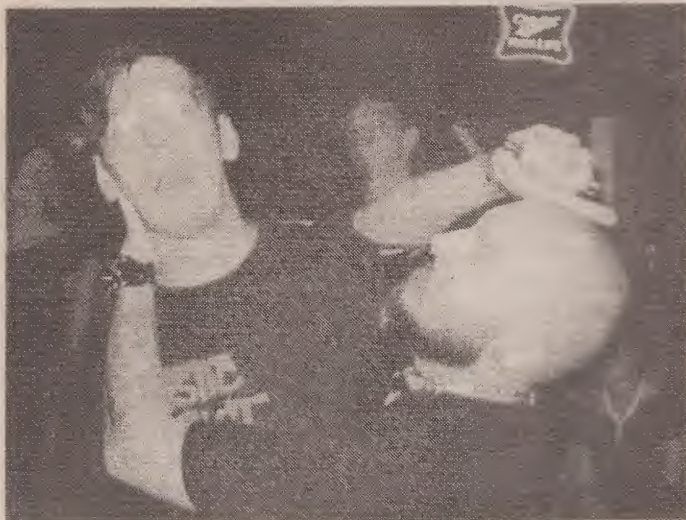
I played the Dixie Taverne many times in the late 90's with any number of bands. It was always the same, always comfortable in that uncomfortable sort of way. The epitome of a dive, there was always someone too drunk to stand, always someone even more soused than them, always some reason to join them. The best thing about it was the feeling that anything went there; you could get laid, get in a fight, definitely get loaded... Most times you did all three in one night. The worst thing was that the air conditioning hardly worked, although that never seemed to keep some great bands from destroying everyone in the room. I'm going to miss the constant sheen of *whatever* it was that coated the floor and the booths, the pole that just seemed to beg being climbed by any number of drunken louts and the bathrooms that never seemed to work right, even way back when. We here in NOLA have a way of mythologizing the bygone clubs that allowed us our gigs, the Dixie ranks right up there with the dirtiest and the best...

M. C. Bevis

A TRIBUTE TO

I loved the Dixie Tavern. It was my favorite place to play when Reason of Insanity would play New Orleans. Some of my dearest, drunkest memories took place at the Dixie. The first time I saw The Pallbearers was at the Dixie. They were opening up for Raw Power, one of the greatest hardcore punk bands of all time! The Dixie is also the place where I got to see One Common Voice with my friend Daniel drumming for them, right before they broke up. That was the only time I saw that line up. Some of the bands we played there with were great local acts like The Pallbearers and The Critics, and touring bands like Municipal Waste, Catheter, Tear It Up, Down In Flames, Blind Society, among others. I haven't been back to New Orleans yet since the storm. The Dixie Tavern was a New Orleans tradition for us dudes from Houston to visit. It's hard to think about New Orleans without the Dixie.

Josh "wolf"
Reason Of Insanity



Howie and Jared

There are so many memories I made at the bar in so little time. The few that stick out are making Aaron make 300 blue kamikaze shots and 5 flaming Dr. Peppers (I'm the reason why there wasn't 151 on the shelf for a while) or hearing Ed scream at the top of his lungs "play everything you know!" standing outside to chat with friends in between sets, running sound fearing for my life that the sound board was gonna ignite in flames, watching Kyle get thrown through a flaming table by Rob, clowning with all the Dixie Regulars, clowning with Broadway Joe, and taping Rob to the poll, but I think the biggest memory I'll have is the fact that it was the only bar of its kind where you felt like you knew everyone your whole life. It was a family to me and it's something I'll definitely miss having.

Josh

DIXIE TAVERNE



Smashley, Jenn, Alix, Samm.

After living across from the Dixie Tavern for over ten years, I must admit that I will miss that dirty, little hole in the wall bar a whole fucking lot! The place was on its last leg but its decrepitness made it special. Wild times and great shows will always live on in my memory. I'm glad I got to see such great shows like Easy Action, Poison Idea, Alabama Thunder Pussy, The Pallbearers, Daisy, and many more....

On Saturday night before the storm I went up to the bar and hung out for a while. I didn't even think that would be the last time I'd sit my ass on the bar stools looking at Drew's face! Who would've known? I think Vicki summed it up best though, "After seeing my house all fucked up, it just sucks more because I can't go up to the bar and get shitty to forget about it all, because my bar is gone too!" I'll miss everyone-
Brook B. Butzman
(somewhere in Alabama now)



Peelander Z having fun with an unconscious Jerry Paradis.

THIS IS FOR THE CITY THAT CARE FORGOT

This is for the city that care forgot... The city that forgot to care. This city, carelessly forgotten; our party time's behind us now, it seems. A city of ghosts, both real and imagined, all night feverish dancing to the beat of sensual drums in the dank and virile heat. City of culinary delights, musical giants, simple pleasures, squalid splendors... A city of dust, now shrouded in mold, forever succumbing to entropic bliss on pause... This city of history, a living archive of revelry and regret, the past and the future collide in slow motion. This is the city that must be remembered and rebuilt, this bastion of visceral pleasures and historic decadence. All to our collective delight and nagging melancholia...

This is for the ones that evacuated... The people who left it all behind. The ones that lost almost everything, or maybe just the one thing they cared about most of all. The ones marooned on highways for far too long, no way home, even as the storm unleashed its initial fury. Those left deserted, no place to rest their heads, thoughts still heavy with guilt or fear or resignation. This is for the people that won't go back, can't go back, afraid of possibility and all of its attendant pitfalls. This is for those that have nothing to return to at all, not one single thing. This is for the ones that relocated, expatriates forced to strange lands with odd customs. This is for the terminally restless, the suddenly homeless, the penniless brave...

This is for the ones that stayed... The insane, the stranded, the curious tribes, erstwhile survivors and civic warriors alike. Those souls who stayed calm and true despite the chaos, or lost their minds to apocalyptic fancy. Battened down and hunkered low, sipping bottled water with hushed first glances, suspicious demeanors, flashlights at the ready. Proud and defiant holders of the line, sometimes criminal in intent; quick movement on the perimeters, shoot to kill orders... For all those who were trapped in makeshift shelters, replete with suicides, murders and rapes; victimization rank and feral. For the bitter end of salvation, acrid tastes on parched tongues dry, even as bids for escape were made...

This is for the politicians... Federal, State and Local, at once inept and indispensable, some more than others. Caught unprepared, unconcerned, unshaven... Playing cat and mouse in a city of smoldering ruins, screams from the darkness of urgent plight, atavism gone awry. Ignorance and obviousness, the slow motion train wreck broadcast for all to see and discuss, obfuscate and ignore. Declarations of me and mine, you and yours, pitted squarely against they and them. This is for too little, too late, the same old song played at precisely the wrong time, over and over. Nagin, Blanco, Brown, Bush, please report center stage to assume the mantle of scorn and blame, everyone gets their turn... This is for the ones that try to rewrite history or deny it outright, we wish we could deny it all so easily...

This is for the ones that died... For the loved ones, the foolish ones, the forgotten and cumbersome alike. For the elderly, the infirmed, Vera in her cobblestone grave, the

unidentified ones that received no such memorials. And our beloved household pets, loyal until the end... The parks and neighborhood greens, flora and fauna turned to sepia-tone static grey. The houses, once renowned for their architecture, are reborn as new testaments to the destructive coupling of Mother Nature and Human folly. For the spray painted X's, harsh and unrelenting, omnipresent in their emergency orange hue, 1 dog dead, 1 person saved. This is for the newest necropolis to rise, our once proud city, our interrupted way of life; breaks in the line of comfortable static. For the evidence of our empire, washed away in the eye of the storm and the turgid, toxic waters that followed...

This is for the ones that rescued... The Firefighters, EMT's, Police Officers, National Guard. To the people from far and near that just appeared out of nowhere, just wanting to help any way they could, using anything waterborne... And for the locals brave and true, risking life and limb to save just one more person, over and over and over. For all of the endless, tireless, selfless sacrifices and tear jerking humanity. For their shining light of salvation into the boundless dark, onto rooftops, inside of hacked-out attics, out of harms way to higher ground. For beaming from all directions, these beacons of hope, springing eternal and true. This is for all those who lent a hand, however small or large. Our gratitude, more than could ever be conveyed, is all we have to offer in return...

This is for the media... The good, the bad, the ugly. For the rescuers and the soothsayers, the shelterers and the kind words. For the dispassionate, the doubters, the cynical and apathetic. The pundits and pontificators; their talking points and bad haircuts, feigning interest at all the scripted moments. For the smiles as the makeup is applied, the vacant suppression of harsh, unforgiving reality in plentiful evidence. The ones that control the present controlling the past controlled the future; as always, blissfully unaware of the consequences... For the sidebars and scrutiny, the breaking news and tight focus close-ups. Hands and mouths reacting in opposite directions, in equal amounts, all from the outside looking in. This is for the updates at every quarter of the hour...

This is for the hospitals... The nursing homes and hospices unprotected and ignored. Piling the dead or leaving them where they lay, morgues and freezers packed tight. This is for the generators that failed too quickly. No sleep or food or water or sanity or safety or hope... For our doctors and nurses, in hellish conditions, against impossible odds, this is for the ultimate and undying respect they deserve. This is for the thugs storming the gates for drugs and evil kicks on top of everything else happening, brash and ignorant of their crime... For the hotels and hostels, kicking guests out to fend for themselves in our city gone mad. Inundation and tragedy, fragility and breakdown, the worst vacation, convention, honeymoon ever...

This is for the looters... For the desperate, the prescient, the survivalist hordes. Scavenging and pilfering, salvaging and hoarding anything and everything of use in seemingly

useless times. This is for the business owners, opening their doors wide to allow retrieval of water, food, diapers and formula, keeping their cool and doing the right thing. And for the pharmacies, their good intentions torn asunder by destructive addicts and wasteful ignorance like so many store display shelves. This is for the home invasions, the armed intrusions, for making a bad situation even worse, for spreading the fear... This is for the ones that made it easier even while others made it ever harder by the minute...

This is for the children... The lost or outright abandoned, the marginalized or used. For the separation anxiety, trauma and tears on long hot nights that just got worse and worse. The unfamiliar and the dangerous, the abusive and profane, forsaking even common sense. For the lack of decency, for the bad examples and poor supervision. This is for the countless orphaned souls, forced to bear an adults pain with no advance warning, no preparation or guidance... This is for the countless smiles, the innocence and playfulness, the ability to make it all disappear, if only for a moment at a time. And for their will, unbreakable and resolute in its purest form and function. This is for what we owe them, first and foremost; their satisfaction will be our compensation over time...

This is for the survivors... All of us, if any of us. Also still, the huge debt owed to those who didn't. This is for all of us in our sad, sad group, no matter where we are at the moment, home or abroad... For the hopes and dreams, reborn from the ashes of the ones previous, for our Phoenix on the bayou. For the nightmares and shock and ennui, the blank stares and paranoia deep into the night. And the helplessness, constricting, paralyzing, numbing... This is for finding a way to get out of bed in the morning to go to work, gut your houses and reassemble your lives. This is for those that mourn their dead, their missing, their damaged. This is for all of us that are left to find their way back to some semblance of normalcy and well being in these dark times...

This is for the rest of our country... Witnesses to our plight, shelters in the storm, final arbiters of our collective destiny. This is for all of the numerous benefits and donations, the concerts and the heartfelt sorrow. The letters and emails, long talks on the phone into those September nights and beyond, the shoulders to cry on and beds to sleep in. As well as the showers and food, simple things like ice and clean clothes... For the religious intolerance, the thought that somehow, we deserved this, that this was God's doing... This is for the stupidity and hypocrisy, for throwing the first stone when we were down and out. This is for their fatigue, their need to move on, not towards a better understanding, but only to the next sad refrain. For helping us stand, then forcing us to walk away stronger and more assured. This is for those that are rebuilding with us, as well as for the ones that make us want to now more than ever...

This is for the world... For the Governments and their citizens, for the superpowers and third-world nations alike. For their offers and advice, their engineers and city

planners, the visits of rebuilding and improved protection. This is for the feeling that we weren't alone, that this has happened before elsewhere, only much worse, that it does get better with hard work and cooperation. For the lessons learned and experience shared; the first real promises of something good in uncertain times... This is for the most that we can share, our lessons, our triumphs and defeats, our heartbreaks and celebrations. This is for an open welcome to the grand rebuilding, our glorious comeback and their involvement in all that promises...

This is for the past... And how not to repeat it. This is for shoddy levees and interrupted communications, driverless buses and improper shelters... For the wild ride to here, the respite in its warming memories, stories and legends yet to be told. The anecdotes and folktales, the ghost stories and the pirates' songs, for history and the curious wisdom it imparts... For the good times, the bad times, the in-between times, we all had them here in this place we called home, no matter if you're local or not. This is for why we still call it home today, even if we won't, or can't be here now. This is for the sacrifices, the sweat and blood, the personal tales of reward and loss. This is for the chance to finally get it right, to learn from our mistakes one more time, to teach others the same as well; it's that precious and rare...

This is for the future... And the promise that it holds. For the chances in abundance, the endless, limitless boundaries presented. This is for the process of starting over, no matter how long or tough it turns out to be. For the ways to see beauty in the ugliness, to fashion something new and exciting out of something broken and in a state of disrepair. This is for our city, its' legacy, our neighborhoods and families, friends and foes alike. For our scenes and cliques, parishes and wards, businesses and hangouts, for the determination to rebuild them all, damn the engines... Our wishes for a better way are here and now, ready and waiting, the concept of building better, stronger and more secure. All we have to do is make it happen. This is for the here and the here from now on...

So this is for you, in your own private way... For peace, contentment, steadfast resolve in trying times. For dignity and patience, reassuring calm after the storm. This is for the knowledge that you aren't alone, no matter how lonely it may seem right now... For your hopeful return to the place we call home, if not now, then in due time... For the knowledge that she will wait for you, she always has, she always will...

This is for our fair lady, our New Orleans. Past, Present and Future...

M. C. Bevis
NOLA
2005

RANTS

A letter from The Goat of NOLAUnderground.

As a native of NOLA, I have much respect for the underground scene and the people involved in creating the atmosphere that made New Orleans music what it was and still is. From the old days of Uptown gigs and The Franklin VFW shows to the present day disaster, we are still united and will continue to grow from here on out. This fact has already been proven to me and to the Underground scene in the wake of the storm. Our music is immortal. We may die in body, but we cannot be killed in spirit and remembrance.

The following is to memorialize what we've lost, but have not forgotten. The reasons for these losses or how they were lost are irrelevant, but should only be mentioned.

The old school will remember musical artists such as Mike Hatch, aka Hatch-Boy from the legendary band Shell Shock, Craig Spera from the much too short lived Flagrantz, and the renowned Audie Pitre from the incomparable; Acid Bath. These bands are New Orleans' pride and inspiration. And to this day, they are not forgotten and will never be forgotten as long as music is available to our ears. Short after the loss of these musicians, we also heard of the death of Scott Williams. Scott was a member of the band Soilent Green, which has seen much success in the scene as well as tragedy. It seems that sometimes greatness is akin with hard times and Soilent Green has seen more than one death in their career.

This brings me to the final listing in my diminutive ramblings. Glenn Marshall Rambo: Former front man for Nuclear Crucifixion and the previously mentioned Soilent Green. Glenn was in short; "A friend to all men and animals alike" and I chose to call him my friend. In the wake of Hurricane Katrina, we saw much tragedy in the city and to add to our pain we had to hear of the passing of yet another NOLA Underground artist due to this storm. Not only do we have to live through this in our "new" lives together, but we have to live through this in our hearts as well. We will not forget. I'm sure there were others out there that we've lost, but understand that I'm only writing about what I know. And my lack of acknowledgement in no way diminishes the importance of someone lost or not mentioned.

To end, we will honor the past and trudge to the future. Our scene may be rocked by tragedy from time to time. And as much as we hate to see events such as natural disasters or the death of a friend or local Icon, we must remember that life will go on. And the scene will rise from the rubble and take over once again. The world has recognized our city as a viable place for the best music offered anywhere. People have moved to New Orleans just for the music and people fly in from as far as Norway just to see an Underground New Orleans band play a gig. This is an impact that the world will continue to recognize and we will continue to grow for the masses of the Underground. Black Eyed Goat
NOLA Underground
www.nolaunderground.com

When you give it 100% and it's still not enough...

So I'm somewhere drunk and I tell Bobby that I'll write something up for this zine. You think I would have learned from my Grandfather, who was an alcoholic, that drinking is bad. Fuck him, I never met him and don't need him to tell me alcohol ruins shit, I look in the mirror every day.

You may have noticed, unless you are a blind idiot, that things are a little different lately. Everything is all fucked up. The other night I was drinking Uptown and saw a Chalmette asshole in the same bar as me. How absurd is that. Those ignorant pieces of shit can't stay where they belong? I know they are spreading like wildfire because they are putting up trailer parks everywhere and we all know that everyone who lives in Chalmette lives in a trailer. And fucks their cousin. But enough about me, lets get down to what sucks.

Rent is too fucking high everywhere. I hope every landlord who overcharges people gets ass raped by an AIDS infected transvestite. Without lubrication.

Fuck California, Virginia, Oregon, New York, Texas and any other states that my friends have run off to looking for a better life. What's wrong, you're too good to suffer with the rest of us?

My Godflesh CD's won't play anymore. But you don't care. You probably don't even like Godflesh. Well fuck you then.

These fucking out of town workers. They get paid top dollar and show off with their \$3.50 Heinekens and top shelf mixed drinks. I don't mind PBR or the High Life but don't kick me when I'm down by flashing your cash and buying expensive shit. And if I would have paid attention in Spanish class in school I could confirm my paranoia that they are laughing at me, not just enjoying a night out. Oh yeah, leave the fat and ugly girls alone too. How are we supposed to get the leftovers on a long drunken night when you settle for them by 10 P.M? We need to reach the bottomless pit of hope before giving in and you guys take anything you can. Fucking no conscience dirty politics bastards.

Finally, the music scene has been dealt a serious blow. Venues have closed or been ruined, band members have left or lost their equipment, and morale is at an all time low. I don't know who is still active or not, that's Bob's department, but I hope whoever is left can get together and keep jamming. Maybe some new projects will emerge, who knows.

One good thing has come out of this mess though - I just wasted a few minutes of your life that you can never have back. And that makes me happy.

Keith Sierra

MUSIC REVIEWS

A Perfect Murder

Strength Through Vengeance

Victory Records-www.victoryrecords.com

O.k., so this sound was perfected by Exhorder, watered down by Pantera then re-done time and time again by bands like this. This is like the retarded clone that keeps bumping into walls and shit in that dumb Michael Keaton movie "Multiplicity". Don't waste your time or money... this is shit. Since I don't consider myself a Pantera fan in the least, I'm going to be tossing this cd across the room in 3... 2... 1.....

Baroness

Second

Hyperrealist Records-www.hyperrealist.com or www.yourbaroness.com

Well, it's happened. Iron Maiden style guitar harmonies have invaded doom-y apocalyptic metal/hardcore. This is amazing! Combine His Hero Is Gone and Isis with the aforementioned Iron Maiden style guitar harmonies here and there, and you've got one hell of a band. If you're into Rwake, Pelican, or any of the aforementioned bands, then there's no reason why you shouldn't like this.

Collapsar

s/t

Escape Artist Records-

www.escapeartistrecords.com

Collapsar, hailing from Lafayette, LA, is a 3 piece band (2 guitarists, one drummer) playing intricate instrumental metal that takes you on a bumpy ride through space in a jalopy of a starship... shifting and swaying, stopping and starting, jumping all over the fuckin' place. The ride smooths out here and there, then they're back to dodging meteor showers and stuff.....

Finger Of god

Release The Wolves

Mookie Dog Records-

www.mookiedogrecords.com or

www.fingerofgod.com

Ambient, instrumental metal along the lines of Pelican and Isis (if Isis didn't have vocals that is) featuring members of The Dead Sea. You missed this band at Dixie Tavern. In fact, this was the last Paranoize show at Dixie Tavern. And you weren't there. You suck. Make it up to the band by buying this cd. It's fuckin' beautiful.

Gonzalez

Torrero

www.stonerrock.com/gonzalez

CATCHY stoner rock from Atlanta, GA. These dudes know how to write a song! This is along the lines of Kyuss/Queens of the Stone Age. These dudes just straight up ROCK! The vocalist reminds me a lot of Jonah from Only Living Witness. And if the blazing guitar solos aren't enough, this cd also includes excellent covers of Black Flag's "Nervous Breakdown" and Pat Benetar's "Heartbreaker".

Hooves

Given To Ground

Self-released-www.myspace.com/hoovestheband

Whoa! This is ex-members of Icepick Revival, Pigknuckle and One Common voice doing chaotic metal that falls somewhere between Mastodon, Botch and Isis and of course there's a big Icepick Revival influence here as can be expected. Sombre chaos. This is an advance cdr of their upcoming cd, which should be out soon.

In Tomorrow's Shadow

Displaying The Elegy

One Eye Records-

www.deardiaryiseemtobedead.org or

www.intomorrowssshadow.tk

This is a fairly young band in the NOLA scene that plays violent metalcore that borders on mid-paced death metal. Riffs that go for the throat with intense breakdowns and blastbeats thrown in here and there backing viciously growled vocals. Fuckin' brutal.

The Junior Varsity

Wide Eyed

Victory Records

I remember there was a time that I'd get excited about getting a package from Victory Records. Bloodlet, Deadguy, Cause For Alarm, Integrity, All Out War, hell even Hatebreed would grace my ears and give me my loud angry music fix. When someone said "hardcore" I immediately thought of Victory Records. This hasn't happened in awhile. All Victory has been releasing as of late is shitty metalcore and even shittier emo. Oh yeah.. The review... file this one under "shitty emo".

King Louie One Man Band

Chinese Crawfish

Goner Records-www.goner-records.com

King Louie, who you may know of from his past/present musical endeavors (such as the Royal Pendletons, the Persuaders, the Headwoundz, Kajun SS, Bad Times and Condor) does it all on this album: guitar, vocals, bass drum, cowbell, and harmonica. And yes, he pulls this off live as well. New Orleans garage punk done by one man alone. Lunatic or creative genius? Or both? Give this a listen and decide for yourself.

Organized Hostility/Continent Of Ash Split 7"

Camp Fury Records-www.campfuryrecords.com

I haven't really paid much attention to Organized Hostility in the last couple of years, because I didn't really care for them the few times I saw them. If their song on this split is any indication of what they're doing nowadays, I will insert my foot into my mouth as soon as I'm done typing this review. They've removed all of the "nu-metal" elements and are playing much heavier, pummeling metal.

Continent Of Ash combines erratic riffing with vocals that get a little too melodic for my tastes. Still, this isn't horrible.

Ritual Killer

Upon The Threshold Of Hell

Bloated Goat Records-

www.bloatedgoatrecords.com

This is Sammy Duet (Goatwhore) Zak Nolan (ex-Goatwhore) and Jordan Barlow (ex-Cancer Patient). Raw, evil, crushing black metal! No keyboards or silly theatrics... just total mayhem (no pun intended).

Sour Vein

Emerald Vulture

This Dark Reign Recordings-

www.devildollrecords.com

Sour Vein lives! T-roy Medlin has assembled another new line-up and this is the first installment of 3 ep's that will be released on this label. Straight up sludge that falls somewhere between Buzzov*en and St. Vitus. Words can't describe how fucking heavy this is.

Sunn

Black One

Southern Lord-www.southernlord.com

Dismal, ambient droning noise With some black metal thrown in. This is pretty boring. I've never understood why people have such a hard on for this band. I guess I just don't "get it."

Weaken The Adversary

Burn Me Alive

Self released-www.weakentheadversary.com

Brutal metal with harsh vocals (that go to a clean style here and there, but not so much that it gets annoying) and very impressive guitar work. Holy shit is this band tight!

Wilderkin

Southern Rock From The North

Self-released-www.myspace.com/wilderkin

HELL YEAH! Damn good fun, beer drinkin', whiskey swiggin' heavy rock with a southern groove along the lines of Scissorfight in a to-the death steel cage match with Clutch. ROCK!

Various Artists

Gulf Coast Massacre LP

Psycho Wolf Records-

www.myspace.com/reasonofinsanity

This is a 12" vinyl LP featuring past and present punk/hardcore bands from Louisiana, Texas and Florida! Included are tunes from Reason Of Insanity, The Pallbearers, Die Rotzz, Murder-Suicide Pact, Krullur, Insect Warfare, Pretty Little Flower, Filthy Habits, Killswitch and more. Excellent comp. of total hardcore annihilation.

Various Artists

Lewd Conduct

Rectum Records-www.terroroptics.com

The Terroroptics crew has released this compilation which is a fine mix of punk, metal, hardcore, and surf rock bands from Louisiana. Bands included are: the Pallbearers, Die Rotzz, Reason Of Insanity, Mangina, Daisy, the Scripts, the Headwoundz, Kajun SS, Scrotesque and more

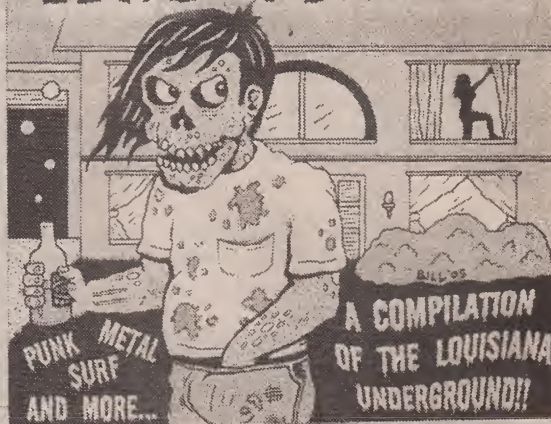
America's #1
source for
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and genital rock

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